PLANET COMICS
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PLANET
Comics
No. 71
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DIG DOOM BENEATH THE RED WORLD'S CRUST-
"SANDHOGS OF MARS"
HIJACK ON ALPHA 7
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INVADERS FROM ALTURO

You Can Be a Bombshell In Any Tough Spot!

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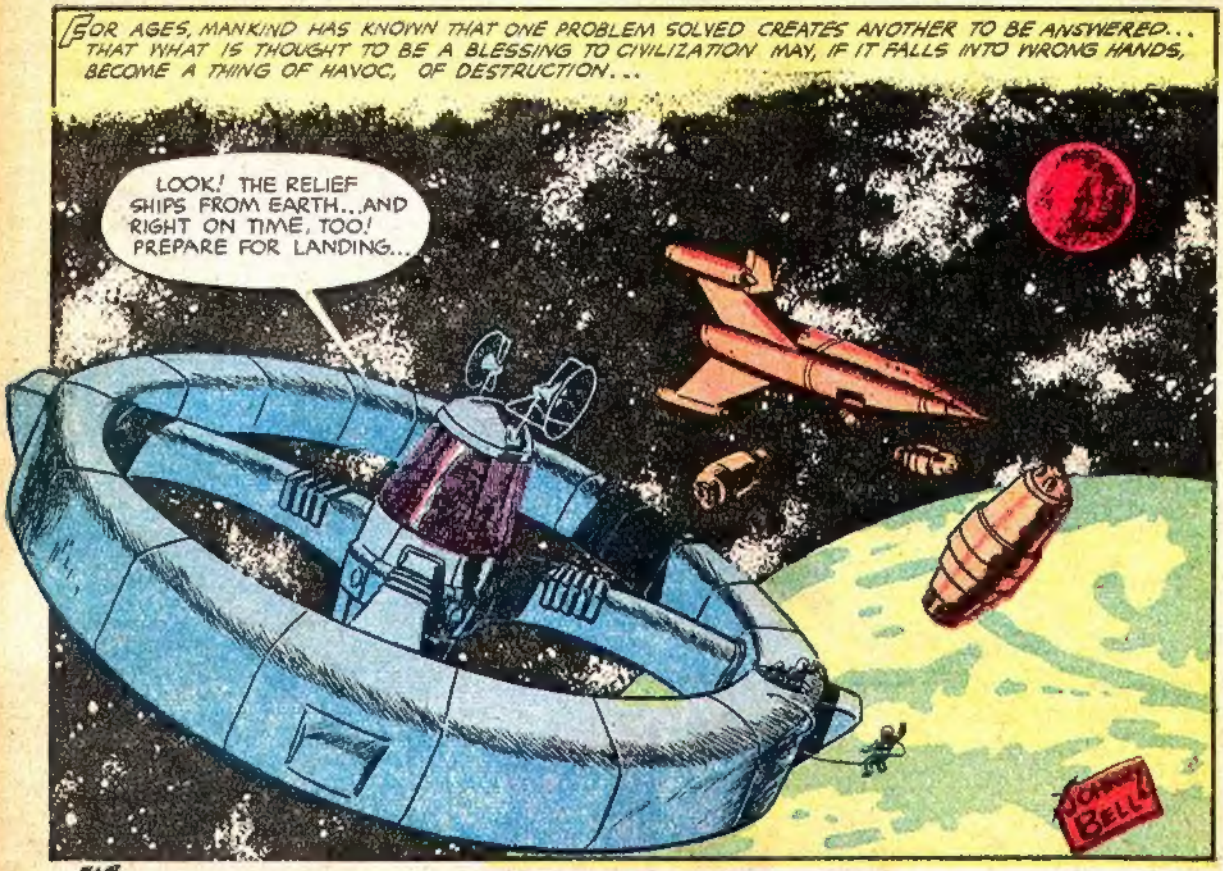
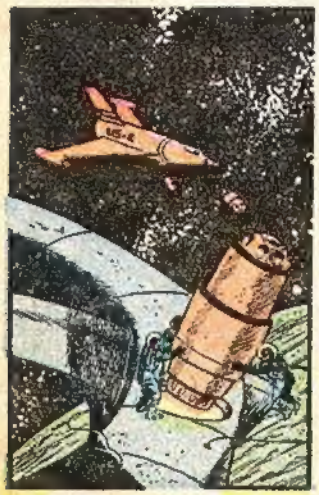
FOR AGES, MANKIND HAS KNOWN THAT ONE PROBLEM SOLVED CREATES ANOTHER TO BE ANSWERED... THAT WHAT IS THOUGHT TO BE A BLESSING TO CIVILIZATION MAY, IF IT FALLS INTO WRONG HANDS, BECOME A THING OF HAVOC, OF DESTRUCTION...



WAS THE SATELLITE LAUNCHED BY EARTH A MIGHTY FORCE FOR PEACE? OR WAS IT AN INVITATION FOR

INVASION?

EVERY SIX MONTHS, A NEW BODY OF PERSONNEL CAME TO RELIEVE THE SATELLITE STAFF OF THEIR LONG, TEDIOUS DUTIES IN GRAVITYLESS SPACE...



MALE AND FEMALE TECHNICIANS, ELECTRONICS EXPERTS, WEATHER MEN AND COMMUNICATIONS OPERATORS ANTICIPATED A LONG VACATION ON WAR-FREE EARTH...

ME? I'M GOING TO CALIFORNIA FOR MY REST, YES SIR!
SAY, THEY'RE ACTING AWFULLY STRANGE! HARDLY A WORD OF GREETING, OR...WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

THERE WAS CONFUSION FOR AN INSTANT, THEN THE TECHNICIANS FELT THEIR MINDS GROWING BLANK...

SOME HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY FROM THE SPACE STATION, MAJOR JOE VICKERS WAS ON HIS LONELY REFUELING PLATFORM. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS TEN YEARS OF SIX MONTHS ROTATION DUTY, HE WAS PUZZLED...

ONLY FIVE HOURS AGO, A NEW ASSISTANT HAD REPORTED FOR DUTY, AND NOW HE WAS MISSING...

HE LOOKED ODD WHEN HE CHECKED IN, BUT HOW HE MANAGED TO DISAPPEAR IS BEYOND...WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?

FEARS CLAWED WILDLY AT HIM AS HE REALIZED WHAT HE'D FOUND...FALSE SKIN...DEFLATED NOW LIKE A BIZARRE BALLOON...

THE NEW ASSISTANT! NOT A REAL HUMAN, BUT SOME **THING** THAT WAYLAID THE REAL ASSISTANT! BUT WHERE CAN HE BE?

THE SOUNDS CAME FROM COMPARTMENT B. VICKERS OPENED THE DOOR SOFTLY AND WATCHED...

FUEL STATION SECURE. ONLY ONE MAN TO HANDLE. CAN KILL HIM AT LEISURE!

HE HEARD IT THEN, JUST A LOW HUM AT FIRST, THEN A BEEP--A SERIES OF THEM...

A MESSAGE BEING SENT...BUT HOW? HE'S NOT IN THE COMMUNICATION ROOM. I CHECKED THERE, AND THERE'S NO OTHER WAY...

IT DAWNED ON VICKERS SUDDENLY--THE "THING" WAS USING A TELEPATHIC SENDER...THE ONLY WAY IT COULD COMMUNICATE...HE WAITED UNTIL THE MESSAGE WAS COMPLETED, THEN...

KEEEE!

THIRTY TO YOUR THOUGHT IMPULSES, BOSCO!

HOW YOU SPEAK ENGLISH I DON'T KNOW...BUT YOU'D BETTER START TALKING...

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS WE OF ALTURO HAVE HAD TELEPATHIC MACHINES TRAINED ON EARTH. I WILL TALK, MAJOR, BUT YOUR PLANET IS DOOMED, FINISHED...

"RIGHT NOW THE TECHNICIANS AND SCIENTISTS OF YOUR CONTROL SATELLITE ARE PERFORMING THEIR USUAL FUNCTIONS, APPARENTLY NORMALLY...BUT NOT QUITE.."

"THEY ARE ALL UNDER A SPELL OF HYPNOTIC GAS, THEY FOLLOW THE COMMANDS OF MY FELLOW ALTURONS, LED BY BROX, THE MAGNIFICENT..."

"ANYONE WHO CONTROLS THE SPACE STATION SATELLITE CONTROLS ALL OF EARTH--AND THAT WE DO AT THE MOMENT..."

ALTURO HAS RUN ITSELF DOWN--WE CAN NO LONGER LIVE THERE. BUT EARTH IS OURS NOW. WITH A FEW CHANGES, IT WILL BE LIVABLE FOR OUR PEOPLE--WITH EARTHLINGS AS SLAVES!

DEEP IN THOUGHT, VICKERS HAD NOT SEEN THE HYPNO SPRAY IN THE ALTURON'S NERVOUS FINGERS, THEN...

KEEE! AS I TOLD THEM, YOU WILL BE EASY TO HANDLE!

THIRTY YEARS OF PEACE HAD MADE MAJOR JOE VICKERS A LITTLE SLOW, BUT IN THE NEXT SECOND, HIS BLASTER WAS CRACKLING...

THIS'LL HYPNOTIZE YOU FOR ETERNITY, BOSCO!

THE SMELL OF BURNING FLESH, THE ELECTRIC TENSION IN THE AIR...JUST A TRACE OF THE HYPNO POWDER HIT JOE FULL IN THE FACE...

OXYGEN! THE TANKS'LL BRING ME AROUND OKAY...A FEW SPECKS MORE OF THAT STUFF AND I'D HAVE BEEN ASLEEP!

Meanwhile, far below the great space station, panic had broken out in various sections of the terrestrial globe. Earth council was in emergency session...

And in the council room, the leaders huddled together murmuring in hushed excitement...

The face of Brox appeared in a weird glow, his voice was high and harsh...

The vision, the voice faded...the leaders sat in stunned silence. Then the steady tone of the Supreme President's voice was challenging...

THE YEARS OF PEACE HAVE MADE US UNWARY. BUT WE ARE NOT YET WITHOUT COURAGE, MY PEOPLE. ALERT THE WAR ROCKETS, THE ARMY, THE NAVY, WE FIGHT!

Before thirty minutes of the given hour were expired, the war rockets were ready...the rocketmen were being briefed on the blast-off area...

The alarm was still sounding as the rockets dove...

Atomic war heads blasting...there was thunder and smoke and ruin on the rocket field...there was death and blood on the ground for the first time in thirty years...

THE PEACE WAS SHATTERED, AND IN THE WRECKAGE THERE ON THE ROCKET FIELD, THE PEOPLE OF EARTH KNEW THE BITTER PANGS OF DEFEAT...

ONLY ONE AREA STILL REMAINED FREE-- JOE VICKERS' REFUELING PLATFORM...

BZZZZZ

FROM EARTH. GENERAL INFORMATION DEPARTMENT IS SIGNALLING...

TO ALL OUTLYING POSTS AND AREAS... THE PRESIDENT SENDS GREETINGS ...WE ARE UNDER THE CONTROL OF CREATURES FROM ALTURO MAJOR --THE ORDERS ARE TO SURRENDER, UNCONDITIONALLY. OUR OWN WEAPONS ARE BEING USED AGAINST US! WE ARE HELPLESS...

THE VOICE DRONED ON, INSTRUCTING THE PEOPLE TO OFFER NO RESISTANCE, WHEN AND WHERE TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS...

THE CIRCLE'S COMPLETE NOW... WE BUILT THE GREATEST WEAPONS IN EXISTENCE TO INSURE PEACE ONLY TO HAVE THEM USED TO DESTROY US. WAIT A MINUTE...

TWO CAN PLAY AT THE SAME GAME. AND IF I PLAY IT RIGHT...

I'VE **GOT** TO! OTHERWISE IT'S SLAVERY! HEY, THE SIGNAL FLASHER...MUST BE A SHIP FROM THE STATION...I'D BETTER GET THE REFUELING ROCKET UP...

THE ROCKET TANK HOVERED, WAITING FOR JOE TO BRING THE FUEL LINE FROM HIS ROCKET...

HMMM, AND TWO MEN WITH IT! IF I CAN BREAK THE SPELL THEY'RE UNDER, THERE'LL BE THREE OF US AGAINST THE ALTURONS!

THE HUGE SPACE SHIPS FLOATED LIKE LAZY BIRDS HIGH IN THE GRAVITY-FREE ATMOSPHERE, AS THE MEN WORKED THE FUEL HOSE...

A-10

AO-17

WHEN THE ELECTRONIC DIALS REGISTERED FULL, JOE NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE MEN...

ALTURONS -- BOTH OF THEM! THEY THINK I'M THE FAKE ASSISTANT. MEANS A CHANGE IN PLANS.

JOE VICKERS ACTED THEN, ACTED BEFORE THEY COULD DISCOVER HE WAS NOT AN ALTURON...THE PRESSURE HELMETS MUFFLED THEIR HIGH LOUD SCREAMS...

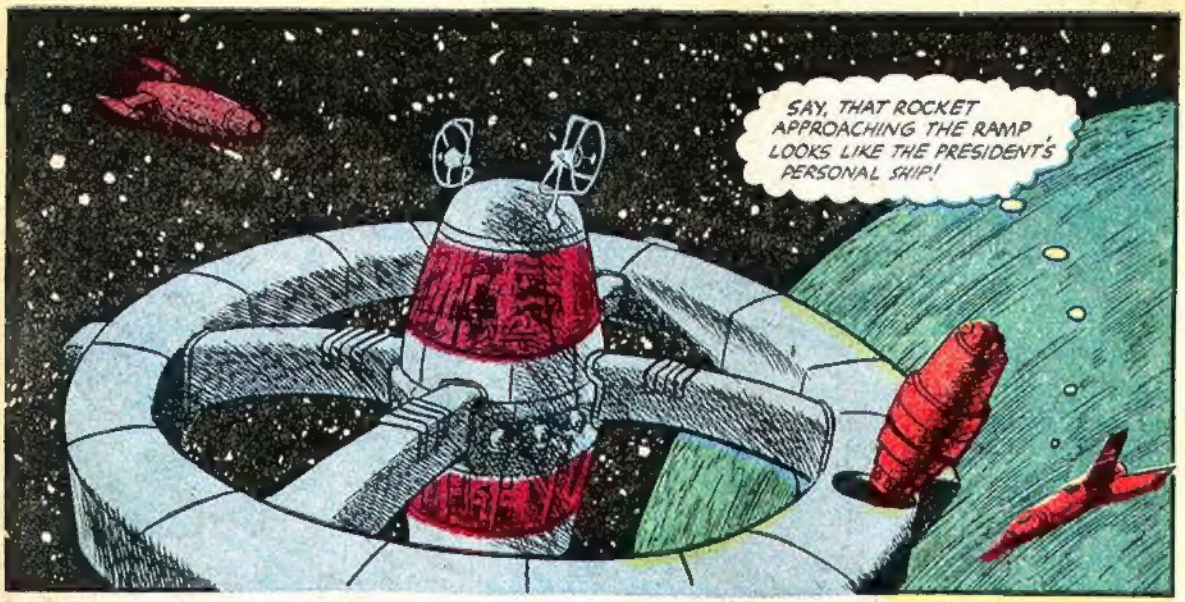
LIGHT BODIES, AND THEY WOULD FLOAT OUT TO THE EXTREME AREA OF THE WEAKENED GRAVITY PULL, THERE TO ROTATE WITH THE EARTH IN THEIR OWN ORBITS...FOR ETERNITY...

AS THE BODIES SPUN AWAY, JOE WORKED AT THE CONTROL PANEL OF THE REFILLED ROCKET TANK...

IF THEY DON'T NOTICE ONLY ONE MAN IS RETURNING, I CAN PULL THIS STUNT...

HE BLASTED OFF AND WITHIN MINUTES, HE WAS POISED ABOVE THE CONTROL STATION...

HOPE I CAN GET PAST THEIR TELEPATHIC MACHINES! THIS SKIN AFFAIR OF MY ALTURON ASSISTANT SHOULD KEEP ME FROM LOOKING SUSPICIOUS...



AFTER IT HAD LANDED ON THE SATELLITE'S RAMP, THE PRESIDENT, HIMSELF, GOT OUT...

COMPLETE AND UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER, SIR--AS YOU COMMANDED! EARTH AND ALL UPON IT AND ABOVE IT IS YOURS..
KEEEE! FOOLISH ANIMALS! SEIZE THEM--QUICKLY!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? I--I PROTEST. I..
HOSTAGE, FOOL! ONE MAN CANNOT ACCOUNT FOR BILLIONS OF OTHERS! TAKE THEM TO THE SEALED ROOMS WE HAVE PREPARED!

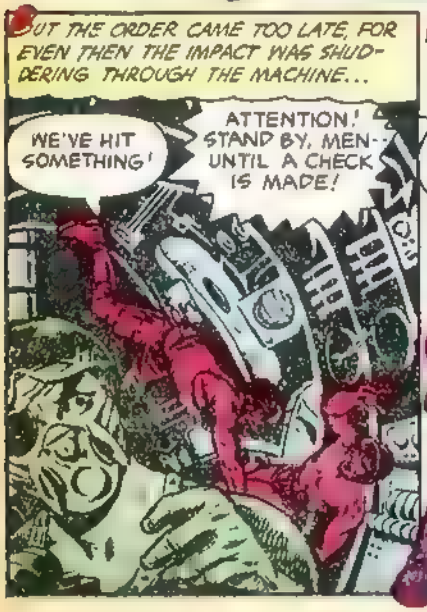
VICKERS HAD BEEN WATCHING THE WHOLE SCENE--THE SURRENDER, THE SUDDEN TREACHERY...

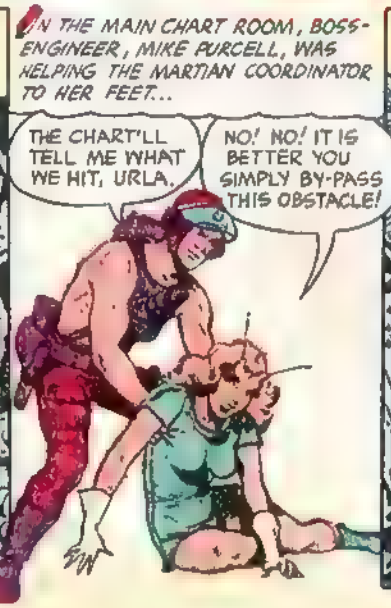
IT WAS FAIRLY EASY TO GET BY THE GUARDS...

BROX FUMED AT THE SUDDEN INTERRUPTION. BUT HE LISTENED INTENTLY...
KEEEE! THE FUEL ROCKET LEADER...I HAVE JUST LEARNED A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE!
VICKERS COULD SENSE SOMETHING WAS WRONG AS THE ALTURON LEADER ROSE ABRUPTLY...
KEEEE! HE IS NOT ONE OF US! HE IS AN EARTHLING!
AS THEY GRABBED FOR JOE, THE SATELLITE LURCHED SUDDENLY!
BOOM
KEEEE! THAT FUEL TANK... LOOK!
THEY WERE OFF BALANCE NOW. ALTURONS AND EARTHLINGS ALIKE THE JARRING VIBRATION HAD SENT THEM SPINNING HELPLESSLY..
BEWARE, THAT EARTHLING DISGUISED AS ONE OF US!
BUT AGAIN BROX'S WARNING CAME TOO LATE..
YAAAHH!
WHEN THE GREAT SATELLITE SETTLED BACK TO ITS NORMAL POSITION, THE ALTURONS WERE UNDER GUARD.
I SHORT-CIRCUITED THE FUEL TANK, MR. PRESIDENT TO CAUSE THE EXPLOSION!
A COMMENDABLE ACTION, MAJOR. IT HAS SAVED EARTH. BUT THE ALTURONS HAVE OPENED OUR EYES! THE PEACE AND SECURITY THE STATION BROUGHT US HAD MADE US LAZY!
HE'S RIGHT! WE THOUGHT WITH PEACE, WE'D SOLVED ALL OUR PROBLEMS! ONLY PROVES AGAIN THAT EVERY SOLUTION CREATES A NEW PROBLEM! WONDER WHAT THE NEXT ONE WILL BE? WHERE WILL IT STRIKE? WHEN? HOW?
THE END

The SANDHOGS of MARS

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
REVERSE CONTROL LEVERS, QUICK!
IT WAS STRICTLY A ROUTINE JOB... EARTHMEN WERE BUILDING A ROADWAY ACROSS THE BLOOD-RED SANDS FOR THE MARTIANS; A ROUTINE JOB, THAT IS, UNTIL THE GRINDING, JOLTING HALT CAME SO SUDDENLY!
'REVERSE REVERSE!'
Manuel Whitman


BUT THE ORDER CAME TOO LATE, FOR EVEN THEN THE IMPACT WAS SHUDDERING THROUGH THE MACHINE...
WE'VE HIT SOMETHING!
ATTENTION! STAND BY, MEN--UNTIL A CHECK IS MADE!


IN THE MAIN CHART ROOM, BOSS-ENGINEER, MIKE PURCELL, WAS HELPING THE MARTIAN COORDINATOR TO HER FEET...
THE CHART'LL TELL ME WHAT WE HIT, URLA.
NO! NO! IT IS BETTER YOU SIMPLY BY-PASS THIS OBSTACLE!

PURCELL TRACED THE COURSE OF THE ROAD MACHINE, THEN RE-CHECKED IT WITH THE HISTO-GEOGRAPHICAL CHART...

WHY, LOOK HERE, URLA--THIS IS AMAZING!

"THE HISTORIANS SAY HUGE WAVES BURIED ITS PEOPLE AND UNTOLD WEALTH UNDER TONS OF RADIO-ACTIVE SANDS..."

"ACCORDING TO YOUR HISTORY, A GREAT CITY ONCE STOOD HERE, EONS AGO, UNTIL AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION HIT IT...

NEVER MIND! REVERSE YOUR MACHINE! COVER WHAT YOU'VE EXPOSED! WE'LL VEER THE ROAD OFF AT AN ANGLE!

IN THE OPEN HATCHWAY, BURR COLLINS, SECOND IN CHARGE, STOOD LISTENING...

SO THAT'S WHAT WE'VE HIT, EH? A BURIED CITY...AND TREASURE ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM US...

SECONDS LATER, HE JOINED HIS CREW--A TOUGH BUNCH OF EARTHMEN--AND RAPIDLY OUTLINED THE FACTS...

...AND ARE WE GONNA LET THOSE STUPID MARTIANS KEEP US FROM THAT TREASURE?

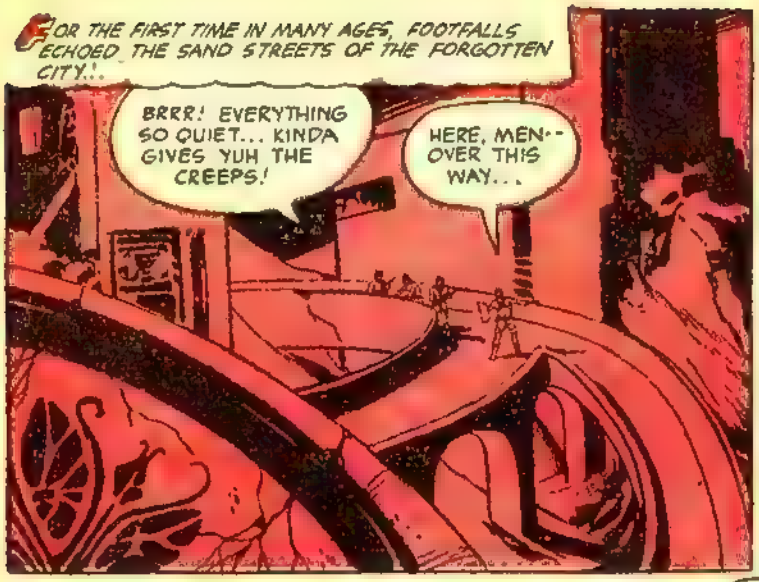
NO ONE'S STOPPIN' ME! HOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU BOYS?

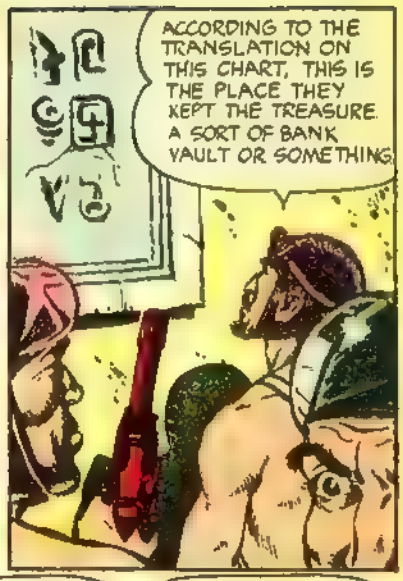
MUTINY WAS IN THEIR FACES. MUTINY IN THE GREED THAT GRIPPED THEM, MUTINY WAS IN THE VOICE THAT CRIED...

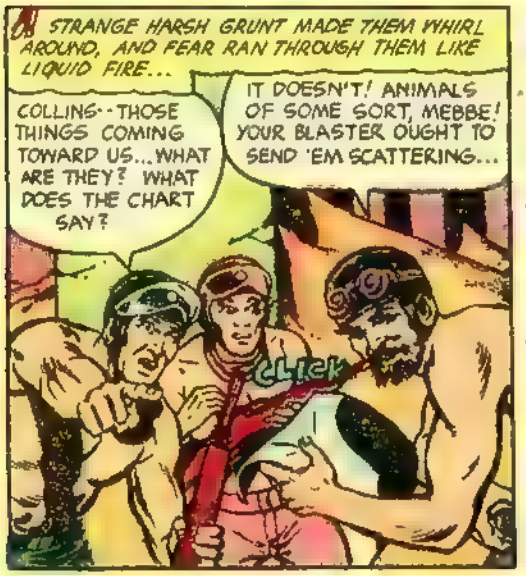
WE'RE WITH YUH! COLLINS! LET'S GO!

THEN THE CHART ROOM, FIRST! WE'LL CORNER PURCELL AND URLA THERE!

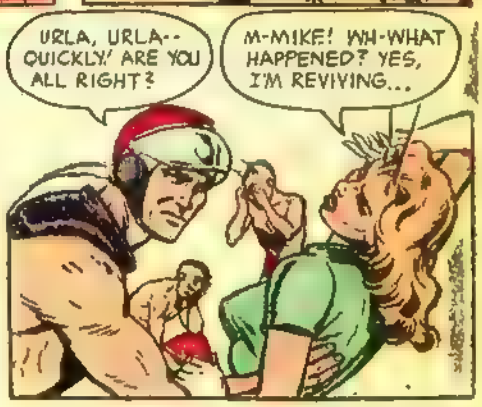
FROM THE HATCHWAY, COLLINS SHOUTED DEFIANCE...
THE MACHINE'S NOT PULLING OUT, MIKE! ORDER THE MEN TO DIG RIGHT HERE!
THIS IS MUTINY, BURR! MY ORDERS ARE TO PULL OUT-- AND THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
COLLINS SNARLED A COMMAND. PARALYSIS RAYS WHIPPED THROUGH PURCELL'S LOYAL MEN...
GET PURCELL AND THAT MARTIAN DAME-- QUICK!
THE ELECTRON BEAMS SPREAD RAPIDLY THEIR SOFT NUMBING POWERS. PURCELL'S AND URLA'S MUSCLES WENT LAX AND USELESS...
AND SOON IT WAS COLLINS' VOICE BARKING THE ORDERS THROUGH THE COMMUNICATOR..
ALL POSTS! ATTENTION-- EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.. START THE MECHO-DIGGERS AND POWER-VACS FULL FORCE!
FOR HOURS THE LOOSE SAND WAS SCOOPED THROUGH THE POWER-VAC; STEADILY THE METAL MONSTER WAS CLEARING THE BURIED CITY...
STEADY AS SHE GOES! WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR A GOOD SECTION BEFORE WE CAN OPERATE.
MORE HOURS PASSED, HOURS THAT SEEMED LIKE DAYS TO IMPATIENT MEN...
AT LAST! YOU GONNA LEAVE PURCELL AND THE OTHERS UNGUARDED, BOSS?
THE PARALYSIS RAYS WILL HOLD 'EM UNTIL WE GET BACK. WITH THESE HISTO-GEOGRAPHIC CHARTS, I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE LOOT! C'MON!
3

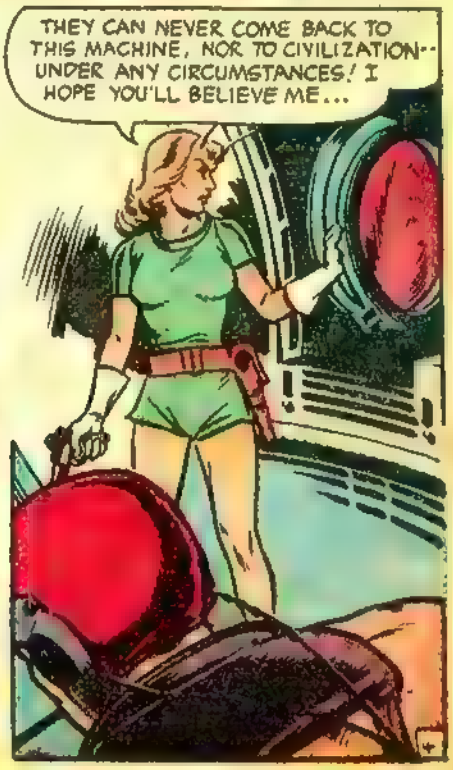

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY AGES, FOOTFALLS ECHOED THE SAND STREETS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY..
BRRR! EVERYTHING SO QUIET... KINDA GIVES YUH THE CREEPS!
HERE, MEN-- OVER THIS WAY...

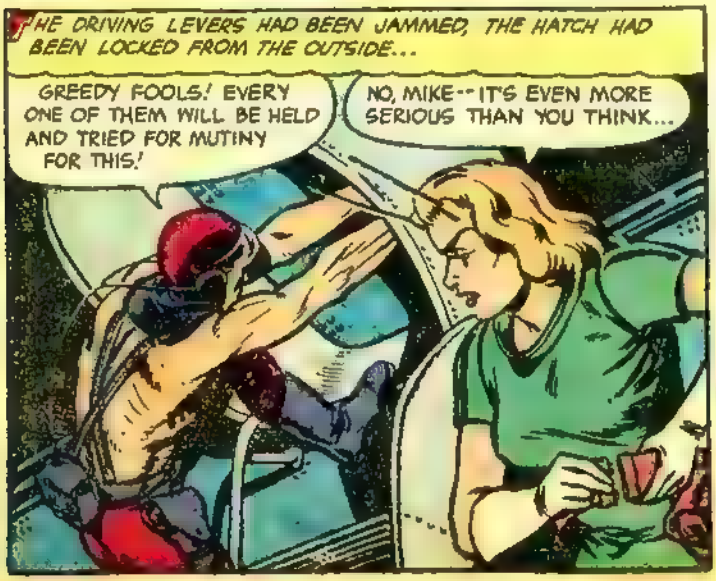



A STRANGE HARSH GRUNT MADE THEM WHIRL AROUND, AND FEAR RAN THROUGH THEM LIKE LIQUID FIRE...
COLLING--THOSE THINGS COMING TOWARD US...WHAT ARE THEY? WHAT DOES THE CHART SAY?
IT DOESN'T! ANIMALS OF SOME SORT, MEBBE! YOUR BLASTER OUGHT TO SEND 'EM SCATTERING...
CLICK

WITH THE SLOW MOVEMENT OF TIME, THE PARALYZING EFFECT OF THE ELECTRON GUNS HAD WORN OFF. THE MEN IN THE MACHINE FELT THEIR LOOSE MUSCLES PRICKLE AND TINGLE WITH RETURNING STRENGTH..






THE DRIVING LEVERS HAD BEEN JAMMED, THE HATCH HAD BEEN LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE...
GREEDY FOOLS! EVERY ONE OF THEM WILL BE HELD AND TRIED FOR MUTINY FOR THIS!
NO, MIKE--IT'S EVEN MORE SERIOUS THAN YOU THINK...

THEY HAD APPEARED FROM NOWHERE-- THE SAND HOGS OF MARS...

GRA NUL TEP BAZABA!

KAZOONGA!

THE SPACE BETWEEN THE HOGS AND THE EARTHMEN CLOSED RAPIDLY...

KEEP BLASTING THOSE ATOM RAYS!

BUT THEY'RE HAVING NO EFFECT, COLLINS...

SWAP

C'RACK

C'RACKLE

C'RACK

THEN HIT 'EM HARD! IF ATOM RAYS WON'T STOP 'EM, MAYBE FISTS WILL!

THE FIGHT LASTED A BLOODY FIFTEEN MINUTES, THEN A SHOUT OF TRIUMPH FROM THE MUTINEERS AS THE SAND HOGS FLED...

ZO-BA-GRA! GAH GAH!

THEY WERE GONE, LEAVING THE EARTHMEN ALONE AGAIN IN THE MYSTERIOUS SAND SWEPT WASTE OF THE CITY...

HOW COME WE'RE LEAVING WITHOUT THE TREASURE, COLLINS?

AFTER WE GIVE THE GANG IN THE MACHINE ANOTHER DOSE OF PARA RAY, WE'LL COME BACK AND COLLECT IT!

AT AN OPENED PORTHOLE, THE MARTIAN COORDINATOR'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER OF HER BLASTER ..

IT'S FORTUNATE FOR US, PURCELL, THAT WE SAW THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE MUTINEERS AND THE SAND HOGS, OTHERWISE...AH, THEY COME WITHIN RANGE...

BUT BEFORE SHE COULD FIRE...

NO, URLA! I CAN'T LET YOU KILL THEM, COLDLY! WE HAVE ENOUGH MEN TO SURPRISE AND CAPTURE THEM. LET THEM STAND TRIAL FOR MUTINY!

A SHARP COMMAND FROM URLA AND THE MARTIAN GUARDSMEN SPRANG INTO MOTION...
PURCELL, LOOK OUT...AAGHH!
PURCELL WEAVED AND DODGED, HIS FISTS LASHING AND HAMMERING HIS FURY AGAIN AND AGAIN...
WHACK!
BUT THE MARTIANS WERE TOO MANY...
BRING HIM HERE!
HELPLESS, PURCELL WATCHED THE ATOMIC RAYS ZAP COLLINS AND HIS MEN--BUT INSTEAD OF A BLINDING FLASH OF DOOM...
URLA! THEIR BODIES ARE CHANGING! THEY LOOK LIKE THOSE SAND-HOGS THAT ATTACKED THEM!
EXACTLY, MIKE! THE CREATURES YOU SAW WERE MARTIANS EONS AGO!
WITH THE DRIVING CONTROLS UNJAMMED, THE WORK TO REBURY THE ANCIENT CITY BEGAN...
THEY ARE THE SURVIVORS OF THE BLAST THAT BURIED THEIR CITY. NOW THEY CAN ONLY LIVE IN THE SANDS. THEY THRIVE ON ATOMIC RADIATIONS...
IN THE BATTLE, COLLINS AND HIS MEN WERE INFECTED WITH RADIATIONS. IF WE'D ALLOWED THEM ABOARD, THEY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED HUMANKIND AS WE KNOW IT. IF UNDISTURBED, THEY'LL REMAIN HARMLESS UNDER THE SAND!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT IT'S HORRIBLE, URLA! THEY MUST LIVE WITH THEIR GREED FOREVER IN A SAND LOCKED CITY OF RICHES--HELPLESS! HARMLESS!

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STAMP PAGE
by Sidney M. Ellis

Line of Tordesillas

BACK in 1454, Pope Nicholas V gave to the Portuguese the exclusive right of exploration and conquest on the route to the Indies. This route covered the area around the coast of Africa. In 1493, when news reached Portugal that Columbus discovered the "Indies" by sailing west, the king sought to protect his rights and appealed to Pope Alexander VI for a solution. The Pope drew a straight line on a map running north and south 100 leagues to the west of the Cape Verde Islands, (a league is 3 miles) and gave all right to exploration west of this [illegible] to the Spaniards and east of it to the Portuguese. The Portuguese dissented and at a conference held at Tordesillas in 1494, both nations agreed to move the boundary line 380 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. This new line corresponded to the 50th degree longitude west of Greenwich which touches the South American continent at the mouth of the Amazon.

By a stroke of fate in the year 1500, Pedro Cabral set sail around the coasts of Africa on a journey to the East, but, an adverse wind struck his ships and drove them off their course until they reached the Brazilian coast. The point at which they landed, Porto Seguro, actually was situated east of the line of Tordesillas and Portugal had all the right of exploration. Cabral took possession of the land in the name of the king and continued his journey. It was not until 30 years later that the first Portuguese settlement was made in Brazil at a place called Sao Vincente.

In 1932, Brazil issued a set of four different stamps to commemorate the colonization of Brazil and the fourth century of the founding of Sao Vincente. One of the stamps, the 20-reis, shows a map of South America and a line thru it representing the Meridian of Tordesillas. The 200-reis stamp shows a picture of Martin Affonso de Souza who founded the first Brazilian settlement at Sao Vincente.

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SEW LEATHER LIKE AN EXPERT

Here's handiest tool you'll [illegible] Saves many times [illegible] cost. The SPEED-O-MATIC automatic awl [illegible] like a sewing machine. Sews the pro[illegible] way [illegible] Fashions [illegible]

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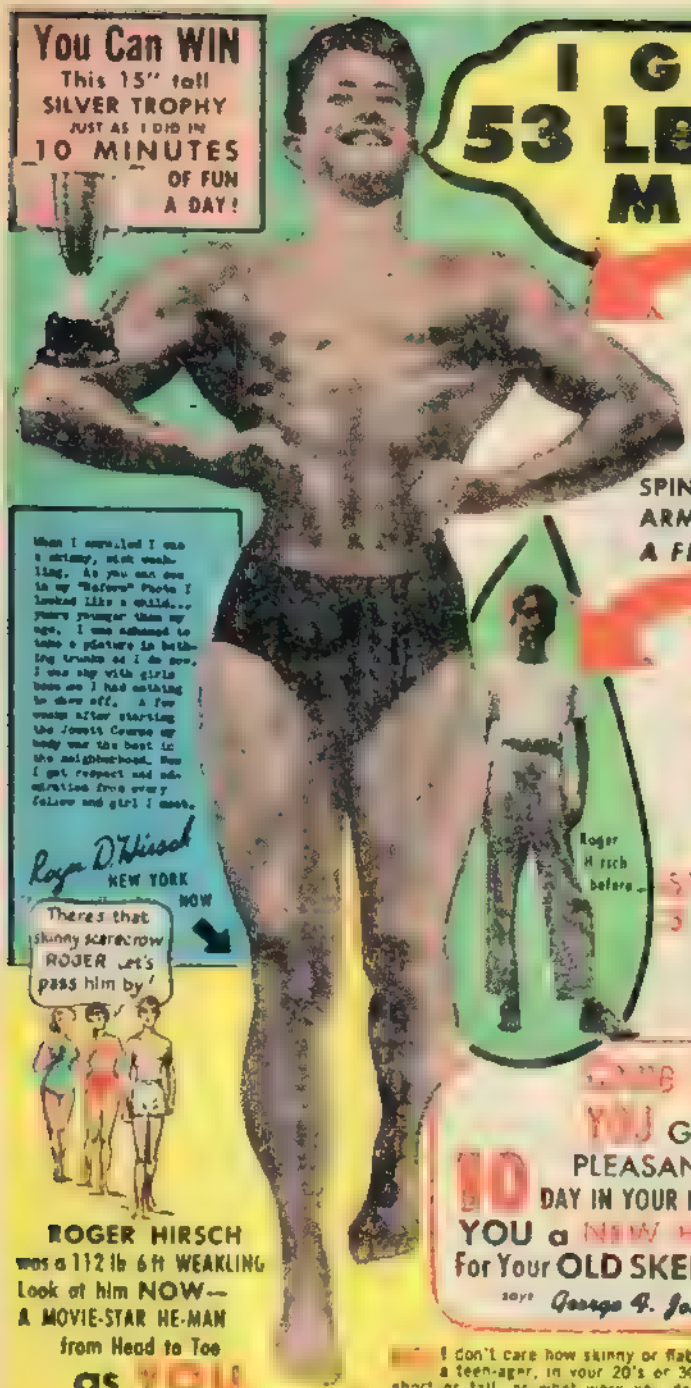
SPORTSMAN'S POST

Fiction House Comics

You Can WIN

This 15" tall SILVER TROPHY JUST AS I DID IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!



When I enrolled I was a skinny, 98# weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D'Hirsch NEW YORK NOW

There's that skinny scarecrow ROGER. Let's pass him by!

ROGER HIRSCH was a 112 lb 6ft WEAKLING Look at him NOW— A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe as YOU can be soon!

Roger Hirsch before...

Which of these 2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT. SPINDLE-ARMED SISSY below WAS ME A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO SEND FOR ALL 5 FOR 10¢ PICTURE PACKED COURSES MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1 AND MORE

How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST
How to Build MIGHTY ARMS
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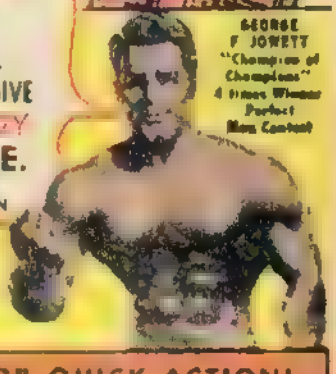
FREE PHOTO BOOK NOW to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron

friend you don't have to be any more just mail NOW the coupon below as I did. Soon YOU can add 5 inches to your CHEST 3 inches to each ARM and the rest in proportion just as I did.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU GIVE ME 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says George F. Jowett World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN



GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over, if you're short or tall or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an All-Around, All-American HE MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle or my training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Dear YOU: Put me on your Can't Fail HOME TRAIN

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. FM 36

George F. Jowett, Inc. Dept. FM 36 115 East 23rd Street New York 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: INSTEAD OF FREE TRAINING FOR FIFTH AVENUE MEN (worth $100) I'll be satisfied to pay only 10¢ for your 5 PICTURE PACKED COURSES: How to Build a Mighty Chest; How to Build Mighty Arms; How to Build a Mighty Back; How to Build Mighty Legs; How to Build a Mighty Grip. Also send FREE Photo Book of Strong Men and How to Become a Mighty He-Man. ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING. No C.O.D.'s.

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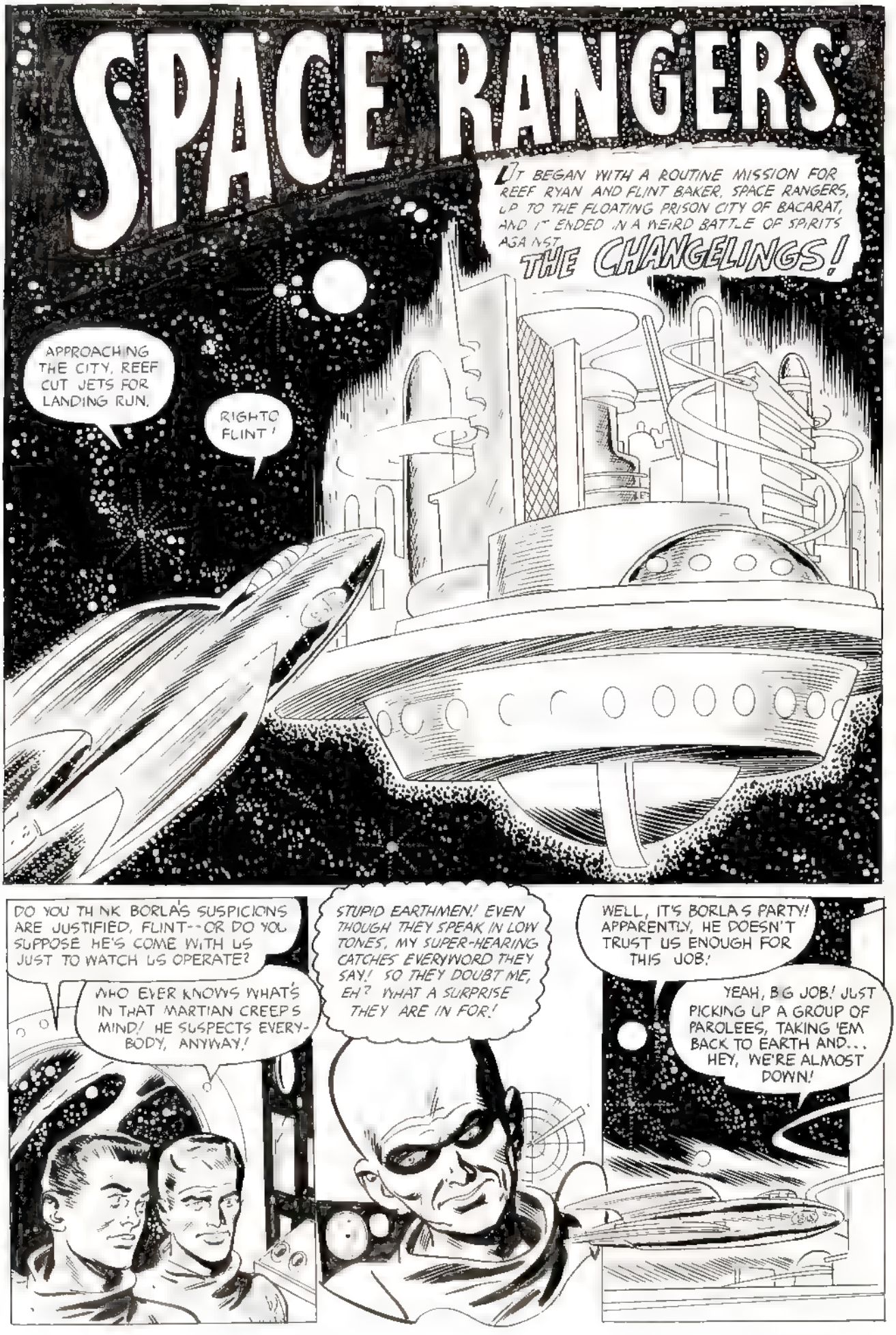
SPACE RANGERS
IT BEGAN WITH A ROUTINE MISSION FOR REEF RYAN AND FLINT BAKER, SPACE RANGERS, UP TO THE FLOATING PRISON CITY OF BACARAT, AND IT ENDED IN A WEIRD BATTLE OF SPIRITS AGAINST THE CHANGELINGS!
APPROACHING THE CITY, REEF! CUT JETS FOR LANDING RUN!
RIGHTO, FLINT!
DO YOU THINK BORLA'S SUSPICIONS ARE JUSTIFIED, FLINT--OR DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S COME WITH US JUST TO WATCH US OPERATE?
WHO EVER KNOWS WHAT'S IN THAT MARTIAN CREEP'S MIND! HE SUSPECTS EVERYBODY, ANYWAY!
STUPID EARTHMEN! EVEN THOUGH THEY SPEAK IN LOW TONES MY SUPER-HEARING CATCHES EVERYWORD THEY SAY! SO THEY DOUBT ME, EH? WHAT A SURPRISE THEY ARE IN FOR!
WELL, IT'S BORLA'S PARTY! APPARENTLY, HE DOESN'T TRUST US ENOUGH FOR THIS JOB!
YEAH, BIG JOB! JUST PICKING UP A GROUP OF PAROLEES, TAKING 'EM BACK TO EARTH AND... HEY, WE'RE ALMOST DOWN!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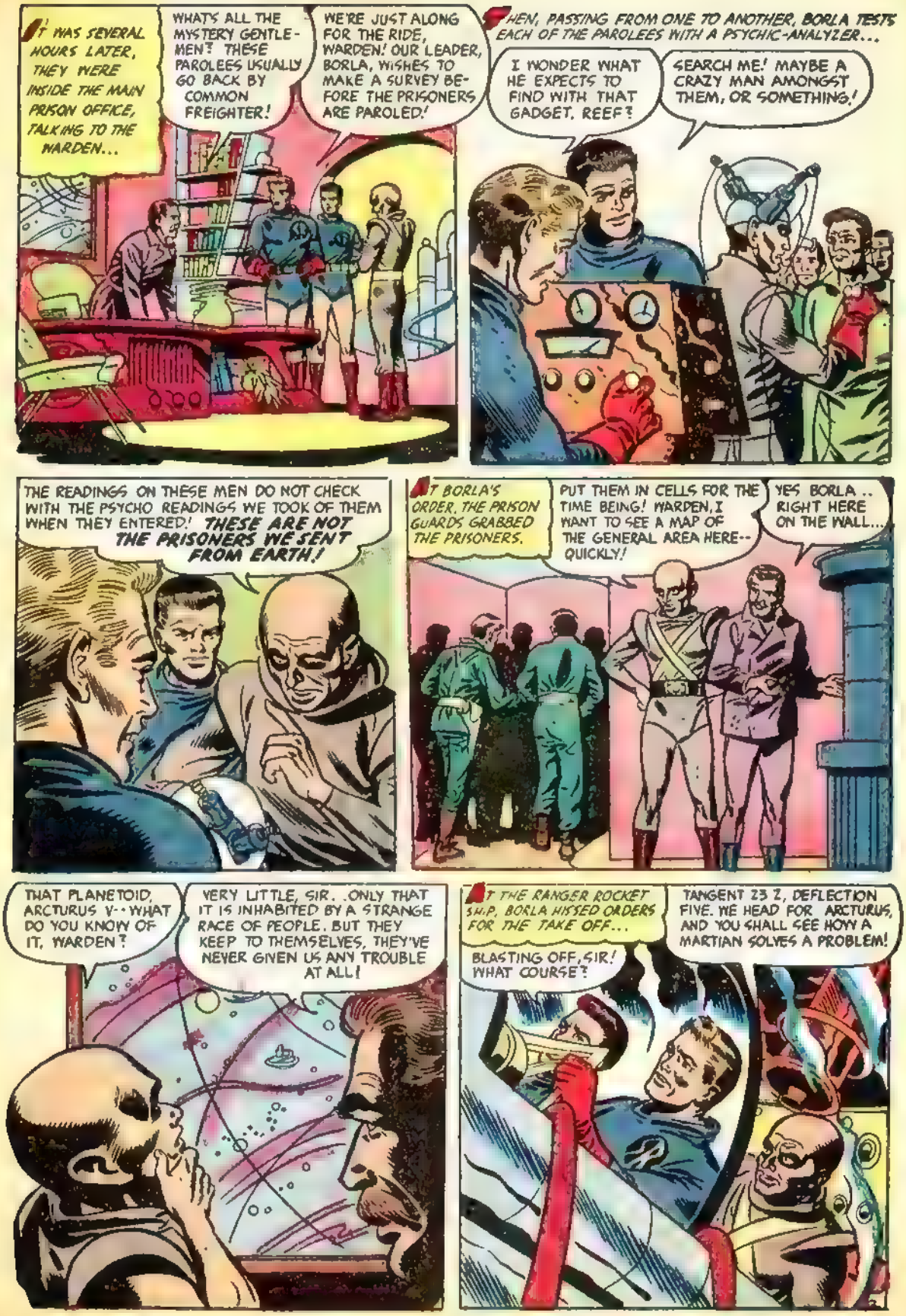
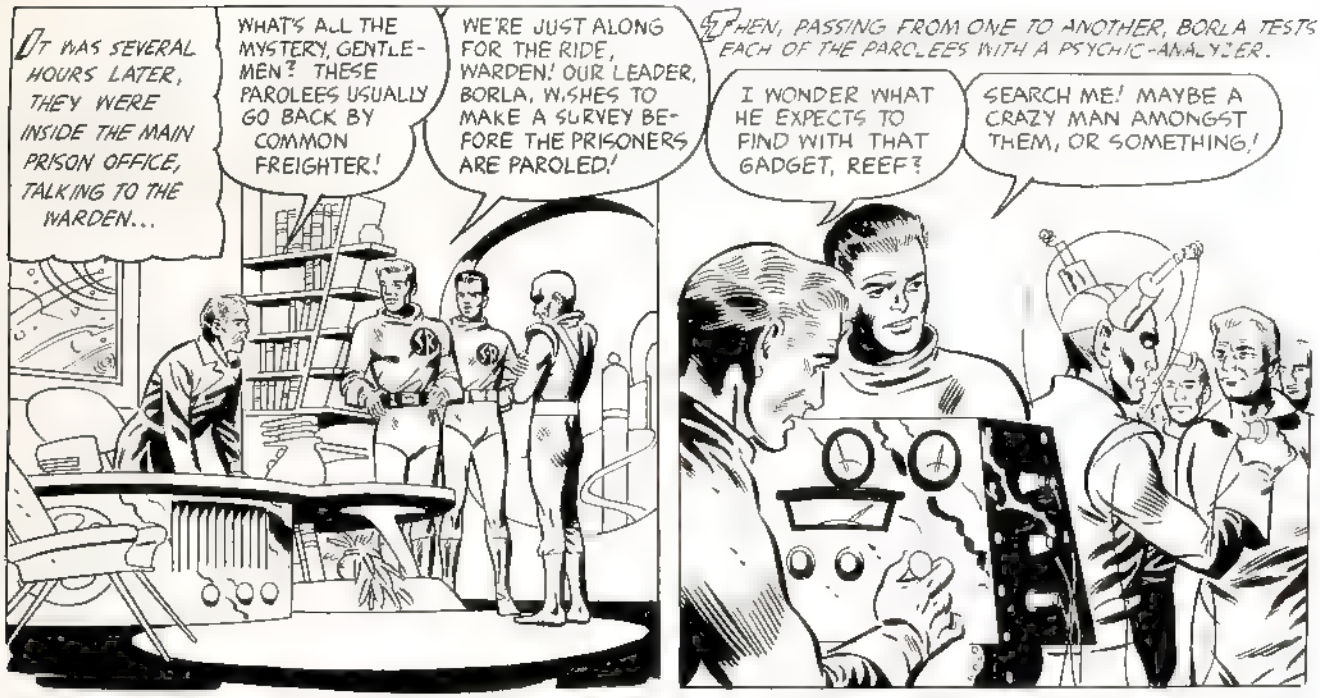

IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THEY WERE INSIDE THE MAIN PRISON OFFICE, TALKING TO THE WARDEN...
WHAT'S ALL THE MYSTERY GENTLEMEN? THESE PAROLEES USUALLY GO BACK BY COMMON FREIGHTER!
WE'RE JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE, WARDEN! OUR LEADER, BORLA, WISHES TO MAKE A SURVEY BEFORE THE PRISONERS ARE PAROLED!
THEN, PASSING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER, BORLA TESTS EACH OF THE PAROLEES WITH A PSYCHIC-ANALYZER...
I WONDER WHAT HE EXPECTS TO FIND WITH THAT GADGET, REEF?
SEARCH ME! MAYBE A CRAZY MAN AMONGST THEM, OR SOMETHING!
THE READINGS ON THESE MEN DO NOT CHECK WITH THE PSYCHO READINGS WE TOOK OF THEM WHEN THEY ENTERED! THESE ARE NOT THE PRISONERS WE SENT FROM EARTH!
AT BORLA'S ORDER, THE PRISON GUARDS GRABBED THE PRISONERS.
PUT THEM IN CELLS FOR THE TIME BEING! WARDEN, I WANT TO SEE A MAP OF THE GENERAL AREA HERE-- QUICKLY!
YES BORLA .. RIGHT HERE ON THE WALL...
THAT PLANETOID, ARCTURUS V--WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF IT, WARDEN?
VERY LITTLE, SIR. .ONLY THAT IT IS INHABITED BY A STRANGE RACE OF PEOPLE. BUT THEY KEEP TO THEMSELVES, THEY'VE NEVER GIVEN US ANY TROUBLE AT ALL!
AT THE RANGER ROCKET SHIP, BORLA HISSED ORDERS FOR THE TAKE OFF...
BLASTING OFF, SIR! WHAT COURSE?
TANGENT 23 2, DEFLECTION FIVE. WE HEAD FOR ARCTURUS, AND YOU SHALL SEE HOW A MARTIAN SOLVES A PROBLEM!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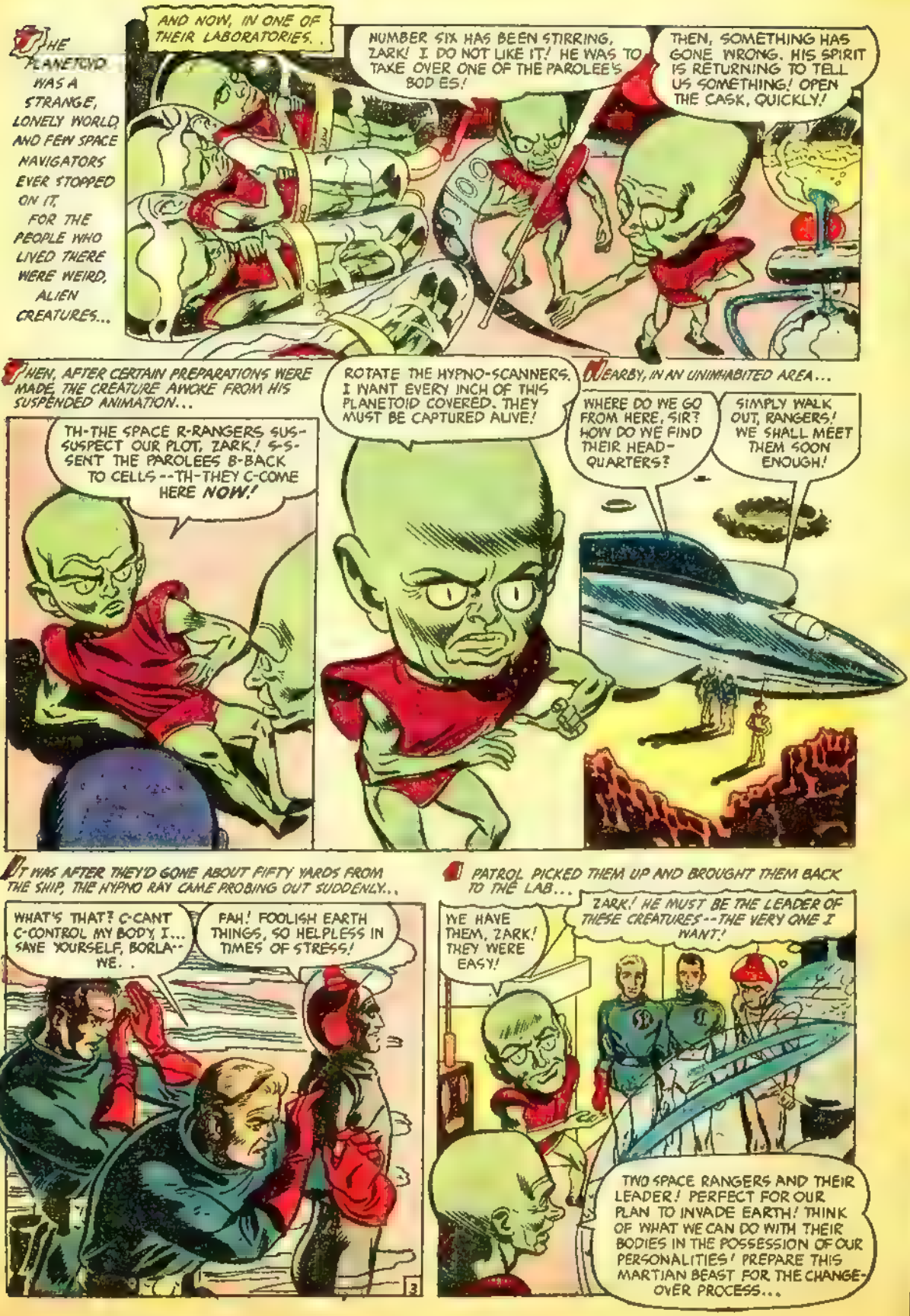
2


THE PLANETOID WAS A STRANGE, LONELY WORLD, AND FEW SPACE NAVIGATORS EVER STOPPED ON IT, FOR THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE WERE WEIRD, ALIEN CREATURES...
AND NOW, IN ONE OF THEIR LABORATORIES...
NUMBER SIX HAS BEEN STIRRING, ZARK! I DO NOT LIKE IT! HE WAS TO TAKE OVER ONE OF THE PAROLEE'S BOD ES!
THEN, SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG. HIS SPIRIT IS RETURNING TO TELL US SOMETHING! OPEN THE CASK, QUICKLY!
THEN, AFTER CERTAIN PREPARATIONS WERE MADE, THE CREATURE AWOKE FROM HIS SUSPENDED ANIMATION...
TH-THE SPACE R-RANGERS SUS-SUSPECT OUR PLOT, ZARK! S-S-SENT THE PAROLEES B-BACK TO CELLS--TH-THEY C-COME HERE NOW!
ROTATE THE HYPNO-SCANNERS. I WANT EVERY INCH OF THIS PLANETOID COVERED. THEY MUST BE CAPTURED ALIVE!
NEARBY, IN AN UNINHABITED AREA...
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, SIR? HOW DO WE FIND THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS?
SIMPLY WALK OUT, RANGERS! WE SHALL MEET THEM SOON ENOUGH!
IT WAS AFTER THEY'D GONE ABOUT FIFTY YARDS FROM THE SHIP, THE HYPNO RAY CAME PROBING OUT SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S THAT? C-CANT C-CONTROL MY BODY, I... SAVE YOURSELF, BORLA-- WE..
PAH! FOOLISH EARTH THINGS, SO HELPLESS IN TIMES OF STRESS!
3
PATROL PICKED THEM UP AND BROUGHT THEM BACK TO THE LAB...
WE HAVE THEM, ZARK! THEY WERE EASY!
ZARK! HE MUST BE THE LEADER OF THESE CREATURES--THE VERY ONE I WANT!
TWO SPACE RANGERS AND THEIR LEADER! PERFECT FOR OUR PLAN TO INVADE EARTH! THINK OF WHAT WE CAN DO WITH THEIR BODIES IN THE POSSESSION OF OUR PERSONALITIES! PREPARE THIS MARTIAN BEAST FOR THE CHANGE-OVER PROCESS...

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THERE WAS A LONG, HIGH HUMMING SOUND..THE BODY OF ONE OF THE ALIEN CREATURES WAS BEING SENT INTO A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION ..

AFTER THE ELECTRONIC CRACKLING CEASED, THERE WAS SILENCE, A SPIRIT FORM ROSE FROM THE STILL BODY, MOVED TOWARD BORLA, THE SPACE RANGER CHIEF...

BUT THE AIR IN THE LABORATORY WAS SUDDENLY ALIVE WITH WAVES OF RESISTANCE--IT WAS A BATTLE OF MENTAL POWERS, AND BORLA WAS WINNING...

WE WHIRLED ON THE LEADER THEN, AND BORLA'S RAYS OF MENTAL FORCE, SENT HIM COWERING TO THE HYPNO SHUT OFF SWITCH...

RANGERS! SNAP OUT OF IT, QUICKLY! YOUR SPACE BLASTERS --USE THEM...

THEN THE ELECTRIC SINGSONG OF BLASTERS WAS DISINTEGRATING THE ARCTURIANS INTO ATOMIC DUST.

I GUESS MEBBE BORLA'S NOT AS DUMB AS WE THINK, EH, REEF?

I'M JUST BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THAT'S SO! C'MON, LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

AND LATER, THE RANGER SHIP'S CANNON LAID WASTE TO THE ALIEN CREATURES' HIDEOUT--

BUT THE ONES WHO'VE ALREADY GOTTEN BACK TO EARTH IN PAROLEES' BODIES, SIR--WHAT OF THEM?

FAH! SUCH STUPIDITY! BY DESTROYING THEIR EQUIPMENT, AS WE DID, WE DESTROYED THEIR PERSONALITIES, AS WELL! BUT WHO CAN EXPECT YOU TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT *THE CHANGELINGS!*

1 THERE WAS A LONG, HIGH HUMMING SOUND. THE BODY OF ONE OF THE ALIEN CREATURES WAS BEING SENT INTO A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION..

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3 BUT THE AIR IN THE LABORATORY WAS SUDDENLY ALIVE WITH WAVES OF RESISTANCE — IT WAS A BATTLE OF MENTAL POWERS AND BORLA WAS WINNING

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THE END

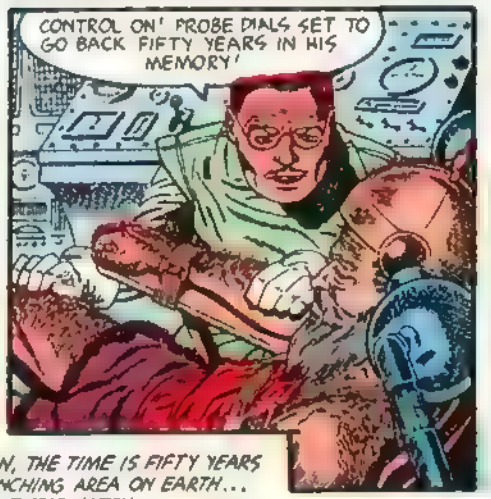
THIS WAS THE YEAR 2556. FIFTY YEARS AGO, ARN GURO HAD LED A BAND OF HARDY EARTHPEOPLE OFF TO COLONIZE A NEW WORLD IN OUTER SPACE. FOR A LONG TIME HE HAD KEPT ELECTRON-RADIO CONTACT WITH EARTH. THEN THE MESSAGES BECAME FEWER AND FEWER. NOW EARTH'S FAR-REACHING COMMUNICATORS PICKED UP NOTHING. THERE WAS ONLY...

SILENCE FROM PLANETOID X

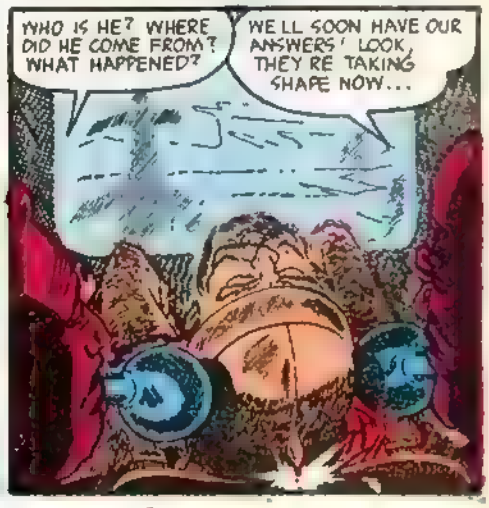
ZAP!!
FAR OUT IN SPACE AN EARTH PATROL SHIP WAS CRUISING IN THE LONELY VOID
LOOK! WE'VE PICKED UP SOMETHING ON THE RADAR SCREEN!
BUT THERE'S NOTHING SCHEDULED ON THESE ROUTES! WE'D BETTER OVERHAUL WHATEVER IT IS!
THEN THE GRAPPLE RAYS WERE SHOOTING OUT, HOLDING THE OLD HULK FAST...
PREPARE TO BOARD IT!
AND SOON...
WHAT PORT ARE YOU OUT OF, OLD MAN? WHAT CARGO DO YOU CARRY?
NO USE QUESTIONING HIM, BREN-- HE CAN'T TALK!
BILL MOUNT

After the patrol ship had landed, the two puzzled officers laid the case before the science council who, in turn, brought the sole occupant of the derelict space ship to the probing lab...

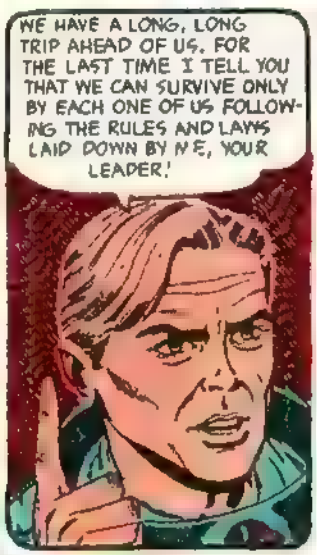
They soon discovered that space pressure had destroyed his nerve center--and that left only one means of communication the thought reader.



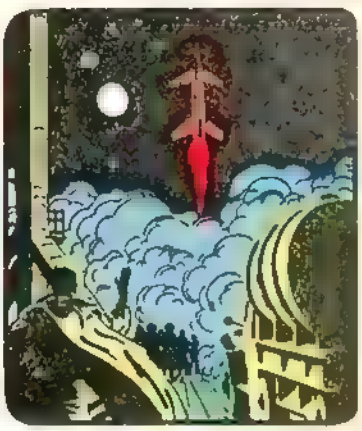
Back, back through the maze and jumble of a man's brain, at first only a muddy swirl of confusion...



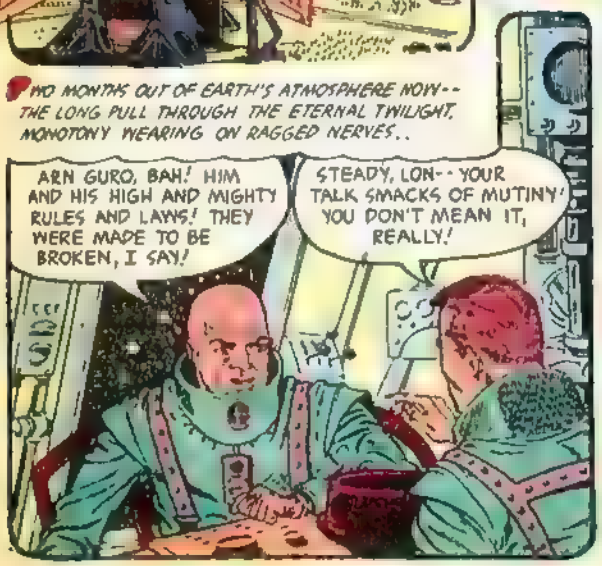
Now on the screen, the time is fifty years ago--a rocket launching area on earth... people milling about the hatch...


WE HAVE A LONG, LONG TRIP AHEAD OF US. FOR THE LAST TIME I TELL YOU THAT WE CAN SURVIVE ONLY BY EACH ONE OF US FOLLOWING THE RULES AND LAWS LAID DOWN BY M'E, YOUR LEADER!

Zero hour had come! The sleek rocket blasted up into the endless blue, toward the recently discovered planetoid X--where they would settle and make a new world...



Two months out of earth's atmosphere now--the long pull through the eternal twilight, monotony wearing on ragged nerves..


ARN GURO, BAH! HIM AND HIS HIGH AND MIGHTY RULES AND LAWS! THEY WERE MADE TO BE BROKEN, I SAY!
STEADY, LON--YOUR TALK SMACKS OF MUTINY! YOU DON'T MEAN IT, REALLY!

Meant or not, the tiny seed was sown in fatigue-wracked brains...

WE WANT NO TROUBLE, LON--ONLY PEACE AND NEW HOMES!
SHEEP, ALL OF YOU! I'LL CAUSE NO TROUBLE--NOW! MY TIME WILL COME LATER, AND WHEN IT DOES. .

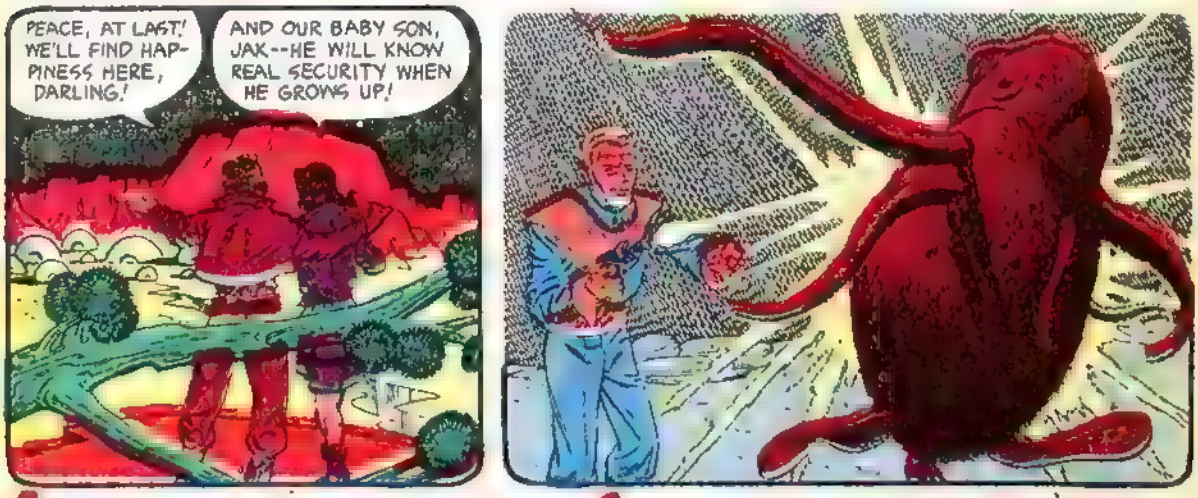
DEEPER AND DEEPER, THOUGHT-ELECTRONS PROBED INTO THE OLD MAN'S BRAIN, AND THE SCIENTISTS SAW THE SHIP APPROACH THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PLANETOID...

EXACTLY TWO YEARS FROM THE DAY THEY HAD LEFT EARTH ELAPSED, AS THE COLONISTS' ROCKET LANDED ON PLANETOID X...

NOT LONG AFTER, THE SITE WAS CHOSEN WHERE THEY WOULD SETTLE. CIVILIZATION WAS COMING TO A WILD WORLD. .

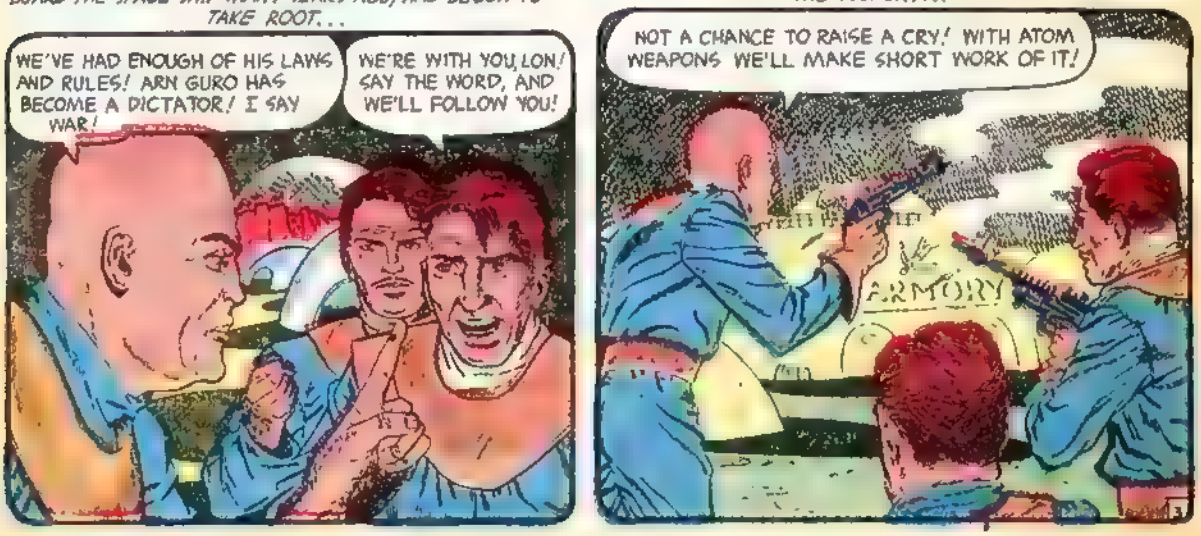
FIVE YEARS LATER, THE FIRST SETTLEMENT HAD BEEN COMPLETED--A CRUDE, SPRAWLING MASS OF BUILDINGS AND HOUSES...

AND TWENTY YEARS LATER, THAT BABY SON GREW AND HELPED FIGHT BACK THE WILDERNESS, TO KILL THE STRANGE BEASTS THAT ROAMED...



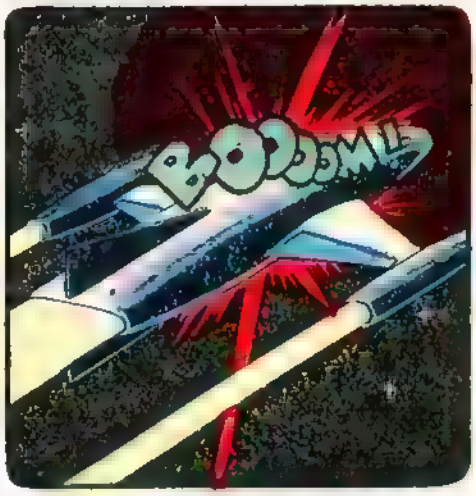
BUT MEANWHILE, THE SEED OF DOUBT, PLANTED ON BOARD THE SPACE SHIP MANY YEARS AGO, HAD BEGUN TO TAKE ROOT...

SIX MONTHS LATER, A TIGHT BAND OF MEN ATTACKED THE ARMORY...


WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HIS LAWS AND RULES! ARN GURO HAS BECOME A DICTATOR! I SAY WAR!
WE'RE WITH YOU, LON! SAY THE WORD, AND WE'LL FOLLOW YOU!
NOT A CHANCE TO RAISE A CRY! WITH ATOM WEAPONS WE'LL MAKE SHORT WORK OF IT!
ARMORY

WHEN, LON AND HIS FOLLOWERS, AND THERE WERE QUITE A FEW OF THEM, WAGED WAR AGAINST THE TWENTY-SEVEN YEAR OLD SETTLEMENT. IT LASTED FIFTEEN LONG YEARS

AT FIRST IT WAS A WAR OF SPACE SHIPS AND TERRIBLE BLAST RAYS...THE VERY REASON WE HAD LEFT EARTH...



SOON, THE ATOMIC ENERGY HAD RUN OUT, AND THE WARRIORS RESORTED TO ANCIENT WEAPONS...

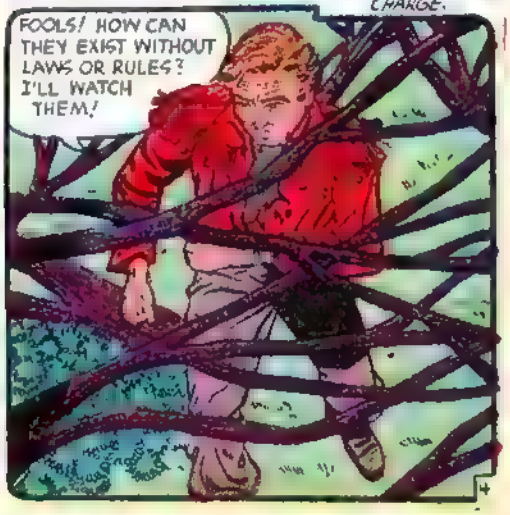
IT WAS ARN GURO, HIMSELF, WHO SLEW LON ON THE BATTLEFIELD...

AAAA' THE BLOW FOR VICTORY!
AAGHH!
KRAK!
YOU TALK MADNESS, I...AAAGH!
YES! THERE'LL BE NO LEADER ON PLANETOID X I SAVED THIS ATOMIC CHARGE FOR THIS ONE LAST JOB, ARN GURO!
ZAP!

BUT THERE WAS NO VICTORY.. NOBODY WON. HUNGER AND DEPRESSION HAD DEFEATED US ALL. AND YOU!

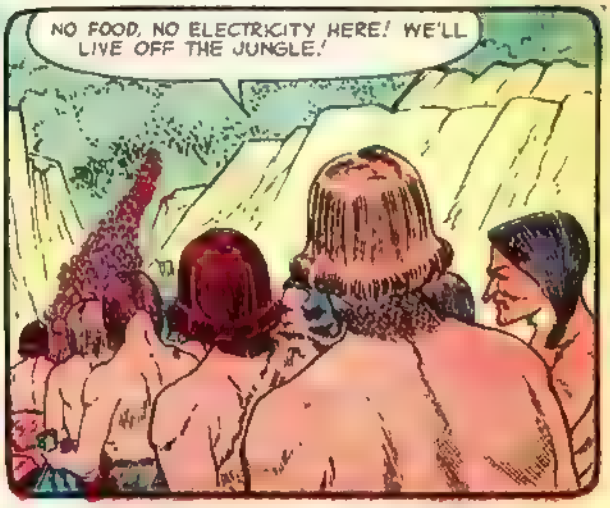
AFTER THEY'D MILLED INTO THE HUGE HALL, ARN GURO SEEMED TO SENSE WHAT WAS COMING...

BUT THE BREASTPLATE GURO HAD WORN DURING BATTLE HAD SAVED HIM FROM THE FULL FORCE CHARGE.



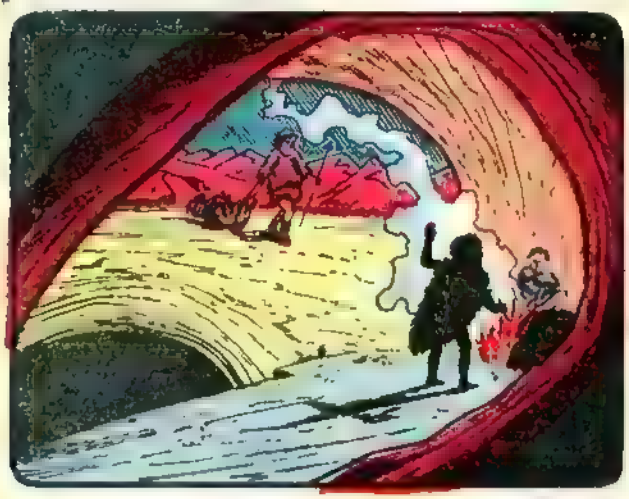
SOMEHOW HE HAD MANAGED TO SALVAGE PARTS AND METAL TO REPAIR THE OLD COLONISTS SPACE SHIP... DAY AFTER DAY, WORKING AT IT...

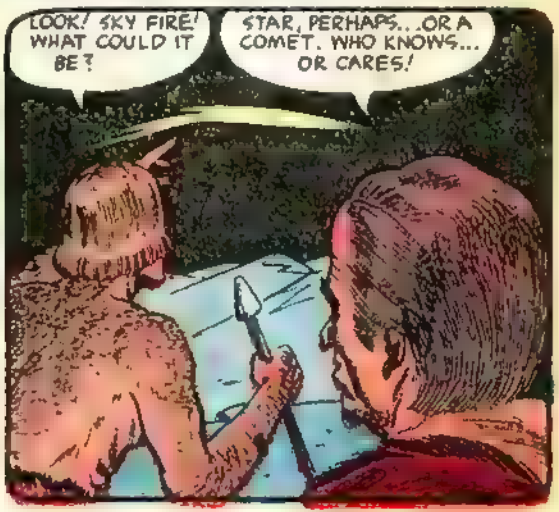
TEN YEARS IT TOOK HIM TO REPAIR THE SHIP, AND WHILE HE DID HE SAW THE PEOPLE LEAVE THE ONCE PROUD CITY...



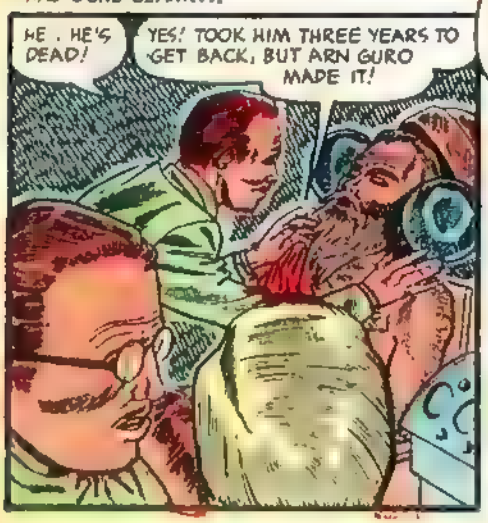
IN THAT TEN YEARS, HE WATCHED THEM BREAK UP INTO SMALL FAMILY UNITS, LIVING IN CAVES LIKE EARTH'S ANCESTORS DID EONS AGO.

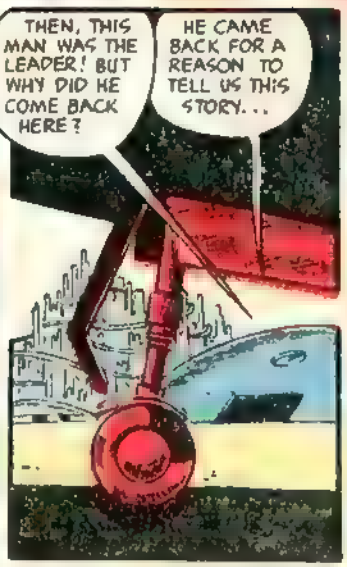
ONE NIGHT THE CAVEMEN WERE STARTLED BY A BRIGHT FLAME STREAKING THRU THE DARK SKY...





JUST THEN, THE THOUGHT-READING SCREEN HAD GONE BLANK...



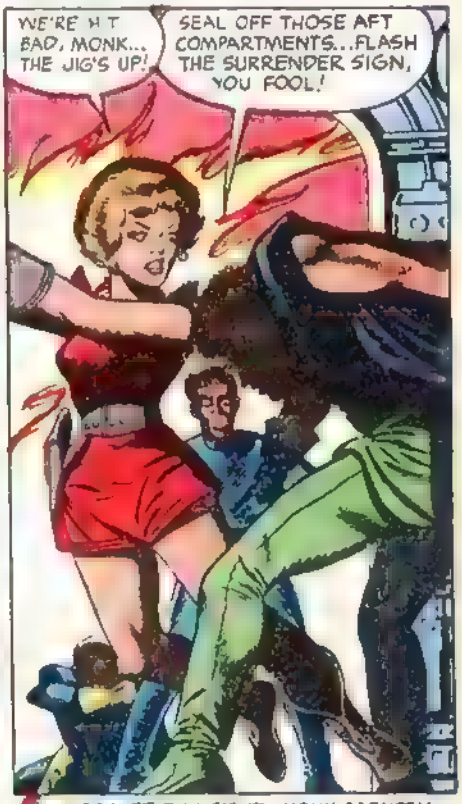


IF THEY COULD SWING IT, THEY'D RIDE THE GRAVY TRAIN--

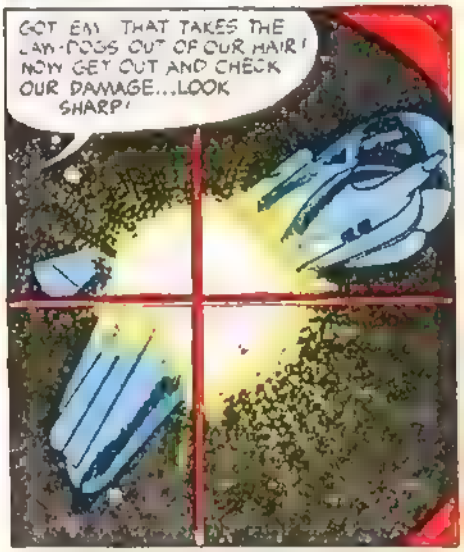
HIJACK on ALPHA-7!

THE WORDS SHRILLED ACROSS THE INTER-COM OF THE FLEEING SCALE SHIP, DARK STAR VAINLY SHE TWISTED TO ESCAPE, AS HER OWN CANNON ANSWERED THE ATO-BOLTS THAT BLASTED!
INTERSTELLAR PATROL SHIP.. THEY'VE SPOTTED US! GOT US ZEROED IN!

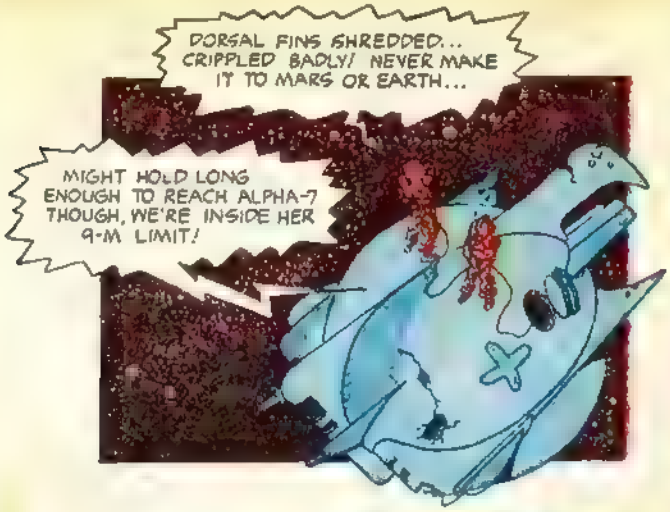
NOW SHE SHUDDERED. THE PUNGENT SMELL OF MOLTEN METAL WHIPPED INTO HER CONTROL CABIN...



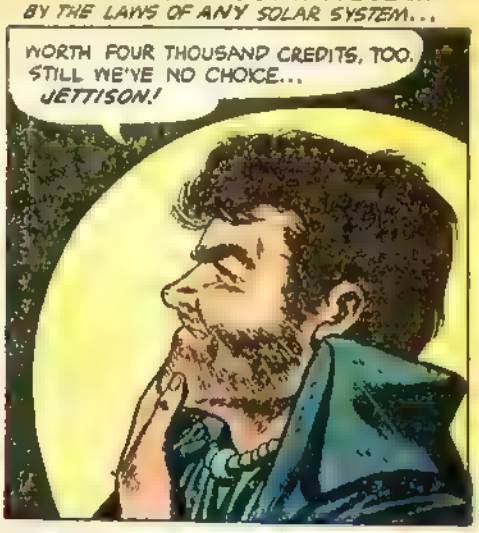
AT A ROCKET GUN-SIGHT, MONK BRONSON WAITED AS THE PATROL SHIP CAME ALONGSIDE. THE RANGE WAS POINT-BLANK WHEN HE TRIGGERED...



FROM THE DARK STAR'S HULL CAME THE REPORT, SOON AFTER...

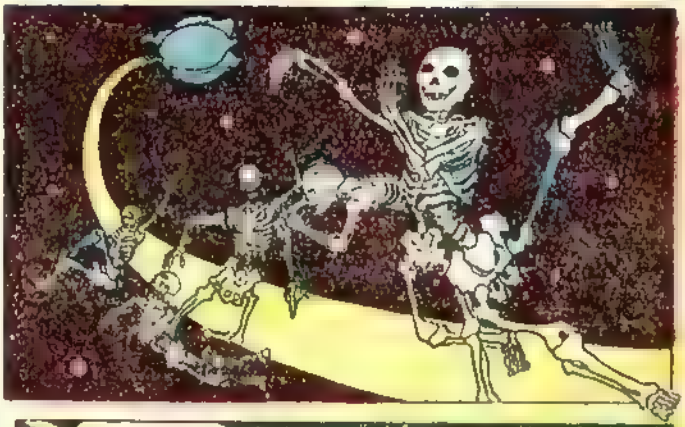

DORSAL FINS SHREDDED... CRIPPLED BADLY! NEVER MAKE IT TO MARS OR EARTH...
MIGHT HOLD LONG ENOUGH TO REACH ALPHA-7 THOUGH, WE'RE INSIDE HER 9-M LIMIT!

BUT WHAT OF THE CARGO? IT WAS DEATH BY THE LAWS OF ANY SOLAR SYSTEM...

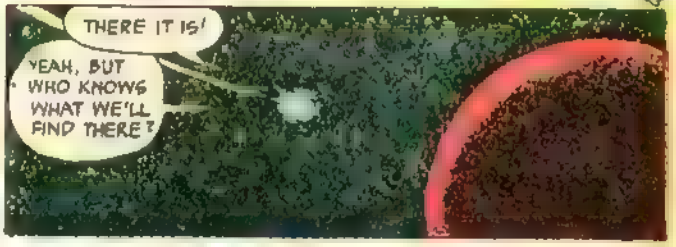


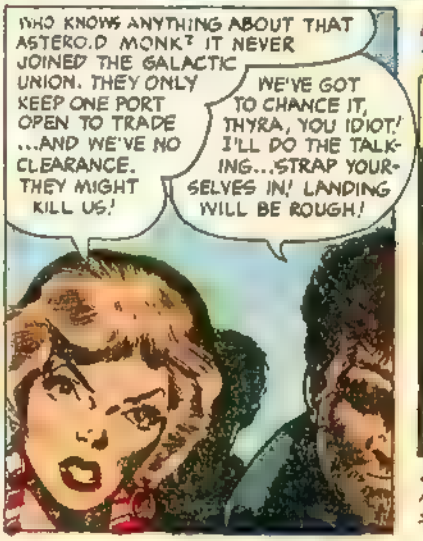
FROM WITHIN THE AIR-LOCK, THE LIVING CARGO PLEADED MUTELY, BUT A SPACE WITCH LEVERED TO END IT...

AND THEN THEY WERE TOSSING IN THE FRIGID VOID, LIFELESS, AS THE RUSH OF EXPLOADING PRESSURES STRUCK!



THE CRIPPLED SLAVE-SHIP WAS FALTERING WHEN THEY SAW ALPHA-7...




WHO KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT THAT ASTEROID MONK? IT NEVER JOINED THE GALACTIC UNION. THEY ONLY KEEP ONE PORT OPEN TO TRADE ...AND WE'VE NO CLEARANCE. THEY MIGHT KILL US!
WE'VE GOT NO CHANCE IT, THYRA, YOU IDIOT! I'LL DO THE TALKING...STRAP YOURSELVES IN! LANDING WILL BE ROUGH!

WITH A SPANG AND CRUNCH OF RIPPING METAL, THE DARK STAR LANDED FOR THE LAST TIME...

AND WITH WEAPONS READY, THE MYSTERIOUS CREATURES OF ALPHA-7 SPED OUT TO MEET IT!

THEY SHOWED LITTLE HOSTILITY..PROVIDING THE CUTTHROAT CREW WITH TRANSLATORS THROUGH WHICH CAME AN ORDER IN THE TONGUE OF THE GALACTIC UNION...

COME, EARTH-MEN. CHIEF MAGISTRATE ZIKO WILL DECIDE YOUR FATE!

BUT WHILE WAITING THEIR TURN BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE THEY WHISPERED IN FEAR...

THIS IS IT, MONK... THE PAY-OFF! I KNOW IT!

PIPE DOWN, AND LISTEN, WILL YOU? THOSE ARE OLD-TIMERS BEFORE HIM NOW...

THROUGH THEIR TRANSLATORS, THE SLAVERS HEARD ZIKO'S WORDS..

YOUR AFFAIRS ARE ALL IN ORDER? AND YOU HAVE SAID YOUR FAREWELLS? FIFTY YEARS IS PRESCRIBED...

FIFTY YEARS! IS HE PUTTIN' 'EM AWAY FOR THAT? I'VE HEARD THEY'VE A FABULOUS LIFE-SPAN...

I DON'T GET IT! PIPE DOWN... HE'S BECKONING TO US!

THEN THE TRANSLATORS CRACKLED...MONK BRONSON PLEADED...

WE COMMITTED NO CRIME, EXCELLENCY. OUR SHIP WAS IN DISTRESS...WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LAND

YOU WILL BE PERMITTED THREE DAYS TO DEPART. ARRANGE YOUR PASSAGE WITH A VISITING TRADER...YOU ARE FREE!

FREE! AND THESE BOOBS HAD BEEN AFRAID TO COME TO ALPHA-7. MONK WAS JUBILANT AS THEY REACHED THE SPACE PORT...

DIDN'T I TELL YUH TO STICK WITH ME? DIDN'T I TELL YUH

TELL US WHAT? WE'RE WANTED, AND THE DARK STAR'S PLAYED OUT. WE CAN'T BUDGE HER.

BUT LOOK AT THOSE TRADERS BLASTING OFF. HOLDS LOADED WITH URANIUM, JEWELS, RADIUM. IF WE HIJACK ONE OF THOSE BABIES, WE'RE SET FOR LIFE!

ON THE SPACE PORT, TWO DAYS LATER, THE MAGISTRATE QUESTIONED AN ATTENDANT...

THE EARTHMEN, GUARD...WHAT WORD OF THEM?

I HAVE SEEN NO SIGN, EXCELLENCY. THEY COULD HAVE DEPARTED ON ANY OF A SCORE OF SHIPS...

HIS WORDS WERE LOST, THEN, IN THE THUNDER OF ROCKETS. ALL EYES TURNED TOWARD THE MASSIVE DREADNAUGHT THAT BLASTED INTO SPACE!

WITHIN ITS AFTER-SECTION, THE DOOR OF A STORAGE LOCKER CREAKED SLOWLY OPEN, FURTIVE FIGURES EMERGED...

WE MADE IT, KIDS! JUST STICK WITH THE OLD MONK!

THIS IS ONE OF ALPHA-7's OWN SHIPS, MONK... STRANGE RIG!

CREAK

WHAT OF IT? TIME ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE MONKEYS IN THE CONTROL LAB. COME ON...LET'S SEE WHAT THE CARGO HOLD HAS FOR US!

AND GREED ADDED SPEED TO THEIR FOOTSTEPS! BUT ON THE STAIRS TO THE CARGO DECK, THEY HALTED...STARED...

LOOK! LOOK!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN, MONK... WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

AN ICY SILENCE BELOW, BANK AFTER BANK OF TRANSPARENT COFFINS. AND, IN THEM, THE SLEEPERS, LIFELESS UNBREATHING ...A GRISLY CARGO OF SUSPENDED LIFE... THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF THE ASTEROID CALLED ALPHA-7!

AND, FINALLY, UNDERSTANDING DAWNED...
DON'T YOU SEE IT, MONK? THESE ARE THE OLD ONES WHO APPEARED BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE... FIFTY YEARS HE PRESCRIBED!
THEY REACH THIS AGE, AND THEN A LONG COSMIC SLEEP RESTORES THEM...IT ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR GREAT LIFE SPAN!
HIBERNATION...DEEP FREEZE! AND WE'VE HIJACKED A DEATH SHIP! COME ON!...THE CONTROL CAB!
BUT THE BLAST OF A PILE ENERGIZER ENDED THEIR AMBUSH MISSION...
LOOK OUT!
AND WITH A ROAR OF ROCKETS, THE CONTROL CAB CUT FREE... BANKED CLEAR, AND HEADED HOMEWARD.
IN PANIC, THEY WATCHED IT CUT THROUGH SPACE...
WE'RE TRAPPED HERE! REMOTELY CONTROLLED BY MICRO-WAVE FROM THE ASTEROID!
AND NOW MADNESS WAS CREEPING INTO THE FRIGID ATMOSPHERE...
NO WAY OF COMMUNICATING... FIFTY YEARS ...DEATH! HELP ME!
THEIR YELLS ECHOED IN A FROZEN VOID. THEN THEY COLLAPSED... TO HURTLE CEASELESSLY THROUGH AN ASTEROID'S COSMIC BELT. THIS WAS THE PAYOFF OF THE HI-JACK ON ALPHA-7!
THE END

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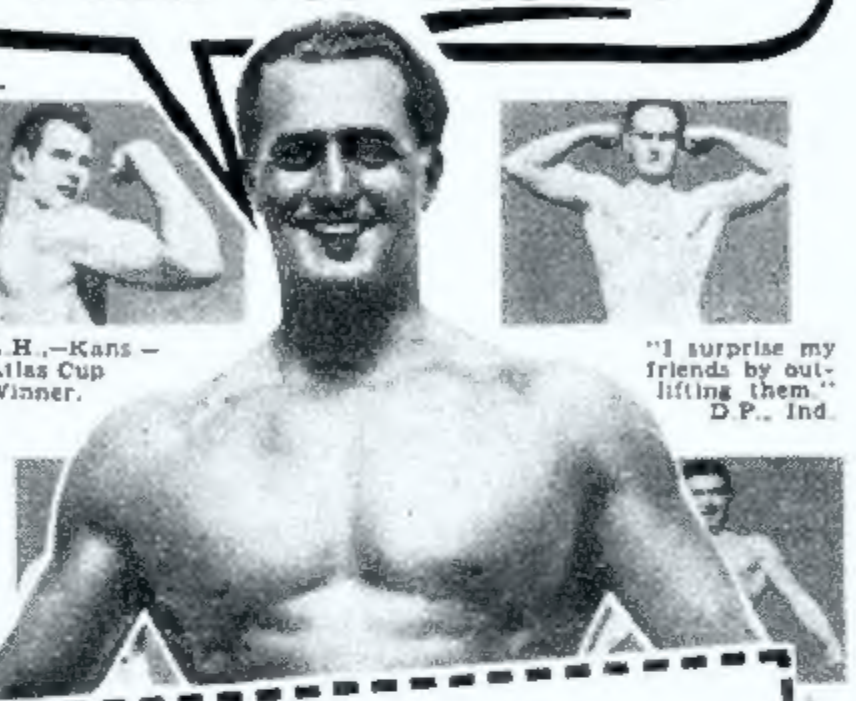

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Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age, check here for Booklet A.

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT Where It Shows Most REDUCE MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains —and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. B-411
318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE